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SPEAKER FOR SIXTEEN YEARS: THE RT. HON. JAMES W. LOWTHER, M.P., WHO HAS RESIGNED.

In announcing his resignation in the House of Commons on April 25, Mr. Lowther mentioned that he had held the office of Speaker since 1905, and had since been five times unanimously re-elected. Alluding to his age,

he gave, among others, "sixty-six personal reasons" for resigning. The Premier expressed the gratitude of the House for his great services, and moved that the King be asked to confer on him "some signal mark of Royal favour."

PHOTOGRAPH BY MACKLEM, 10, BROOK STREET, W.



THE little city of fashion, that empire within an empire, bounded on the north by Oxford Street, on the east by Berkeley Square, on the south by Piccadilly, and on the west by Park Lane, has kinship, not entirely dependent on the coincidence of its name, with Chaucer's favourite month. If May behaves herself, then Mayfair responds loyally and reveals her most gracious personality. For this district of fine ladies is herself a fine lady—that is, a fine-weather lady, whose beauty expands under the sunshine and warmth proper to early summer. If May be cross and chilly, half the charm of Mayfair's highways and byways vanishes; her new season's dress and her flower-boxes seem out of place and nipped, more ironically here than in any other region of London: for Mayfair is, *par excellence*, the lass with the delicate air. In proportion to her profession of gaiety does she depend upon genial weather for the full glory of her perfections.

In May she wakes up, and for a week or two keeps a freshness and an amiable smile in harmony with the hour. It is fleeting, for London is cruel still, in spite of smoke-abatement, to new paint and window curtains; and if June begins dutifully to blaze betimes—alas, how seldom!—then Mayfair of the tender complexion betrays sooner than her neighbours that jaded look which August will force on all the Town. But while we have her at her best, let us, adapting the phrase of Leo X., enjoy her, since God hath given her to us.

No district of London has a spirit so elusive as that of Mayfair, possibly because we have learned to ask so much more of her. Her legend of luxury, fostered by playwrights and novelists, is a superlative of fiction, quietly laughed at, perhaps, by those who endure the commonplace of life in the favoured quarter. The Mayfair boudoir, with its unvarying outlook on the Park, has become a general expression for a particular dramatic convention. To the gallery and the groundlings it conveys a delicious sensation of aristocratic intimacy, not untouched with throbbing and, it may be, even sinful intrigue, which only a vandal would spoil by the cold suggestion that Mayfair, take it for all in all, is most dully respectable, and that the *mise-en-scène* carries a risk of libel, since a house in Park Lane is possible only to the very few. But in play or story it must be Park Lane or nothing. Not ours be any ruthless whisper that Mayfair windows, all fabled to command the Park, are sometimes filled with discreet Cathedral glass, to veil the dubious beauties of the ever-present mews. Petrol, it is true, has chastened somewhat these old haunts of Jehu; but they remain, strange diversifiers of a world laid up in lavender.

Here London's proverbially sudden contrasts are emphasised in microcosm. There is but a step from the palace to the region of small commerce. What is there to equal the quaintness or quick surprise of such a nook as Shepherd's Market, with its huddle of town and country carts? "And here, too, there are gods"—

flowers, for sale, and a vivid greengrocery. Another turn or two, and fashion, with its tall, reposeful houses, its guarded doors, is again at your mental, your sentimental, beck, as you pass, weaving your own romances of a Mayfair dead and gone, yet immortal, where the Rawdon Crawleys came to grief, where Becky triumphed awhile, where Barnes paid that call on Lady Kew, "in town and not in town," where Mr. Jeames de la Pluche rose to eminence on railway shares, exchanged the pantry in Berkeley Square for the Albany, saw the vanity of human wishes, and returned to happiness and a competence at the Wheel of Fortune Hotel, chosen headquarters of the Butlers' Club, near this very Shepherd's Market you are in. Or you saunter through Curzon Street and picture the Mayfair marriage of the beautiful Miss Gunning to James, fourth Duke of Hamilton, who during the eponymous May Fair, at half-an-hour after midnight, put upon his bride's finger a bed-curtain ring, no more costly token being to hand. Easy-going Curzon Street! In his chapel there, the Rev. Alexander Keith would marry you at one

in Portland Place, and is therefore not strictly a Mayfair interlude, but it will apply well enough to what goes on in those curtained balconies a little further west, where girls are realising something that no second Season will ever bring them again, something that makes their first Season one continual May Fair.

This year, in spite of certain deficiencies, those who claim to speak with authority say that there is to be some sort of a Season after all. To those whom it may concern, this must be tidings of comfort and joy, and even an outsider like the present writer admits a glow of satisfaction on reading the news. For when the Season goes merrily, London is more than ever a pleasant place to move about in; though it be but on foot from one chop-house to another, thence to an occasional pit or gallery, and so home to the garret next the stars.

And there is always the Academy, perennial starter of the Season, perennially scoffed at,

perennially thronged, and this year, they say, remarkable for the acceptances of amateurs' work. The oddest thing about all academies, whether of Art or Letters, is their quiet coercive dynamic. No matter how the rebels may rebel in the first flush of genius, there comes a day when they are found a little less intolerant, although they never admit it, and a still later day when, by some magic unexplained, their work is to be found within the (to them) unhallowed walls. No one can say whether the rebels have persuaded the Academicians, for the Academical manner does not seem to change, and the rebels would be prompt with proofs that they, at least, have not bowed the knee to Baal by the merest fraction of a genuflexion. But there it is, and with the passage of years the convergence becomes more marked,

until at length, in certain cases, it ends in the full dignity (or is it lasting disgrace?) of election. Early followers of the elect may weep an idol fallen, but the idol takes it very complacently, and has never been known to commit suicide because of the handle to his name. He has succeeded, and success makes us very tolerant of conventions. And the former rebel has the comfortable assurance that his addition to an academical body has set it just to that extent above convention.

It is the old story of The Mastersingers. There is no getting away from it; the innovator seeks admission at last, and receives it through the influence of that enlightened element absent from no company of Masters, however they may differ in individual opinion. Their great collective exhibitions must always be disappointing in many respects, but they make for sanity, and new merit, if it knows how to curb extravagance, is not denied a chance. Even the rebel Walter von Stolzing owed his triumph to the formative hints of the old Mastersinger Sachs. That familiar musical fable will not be retold this summer; but although Covent Garden is silent, no Season is dull or poor that can enjoy, in the far west, an Opera both Gay and Rich.

J. D. S.



THE LYMPNE "EXCHANGE OF VIEWS" ON GERMAN REPARATIONS: THE BRITISH AND FRENCH PREMIERS IN A GROUP AT THE VILLA BELCAIRE.

M. Briand, the French Premier, and M. Berthelot, Foreign Minister, spent the week-end, April 23-5, with Mr. Lloyd George at the Villa Belcaire, Lympe, the residence of Sir Philip Sassoon, the Prime Minister's Parliamentary private secretary. It was arranged that the Supreme Council should meet for a conference on German reparations on April 30. Our photograph shows, from left to right in front, Lord Riddell (in bowler hat), Sir Philip Sassoon, Sir Maurice Hankey, M. Berthelot (behind), Mr. Lloyd George, Lady Rocksavage (sister of Sir Philip Sassoon, acting as hostess), and M. Briand.—[Photograph by C.N.]

minute's notice, and no more questions asked than they would ask down at the ribald Fleet. Nowadays Mayfair has other ecclesiastical vagaries.

The younger fabulists still make play with Mayfair in the Season, if they reflect its newer flippancies more than its sentimentalities. The post-war débutante comes hardened to her social entry, for she is already a woman of wide experience, who does not stand trembling on the threshold of life. Terrors and shrinkings are not for her.

Fortunately, the older convention found a link in fiction with the new, just in the nick of time. In the very year when the old order was upset, Mr. Walpole gave us Rachel Beaminster, a modern in whom certain ancient instincts survived, amid a conflict of whimsical humour. Rachel actually feared her coming-out ball, but after the second dance she "knew for what life was intended." Before the evening was out she was leaning forward to the complete feminist attitude: "Uncle John, I'm a success! I am really. I can dance, dance beautifully! I can put these young men in their places. They're frightened . . . really frightened." This happened

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: MEN IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

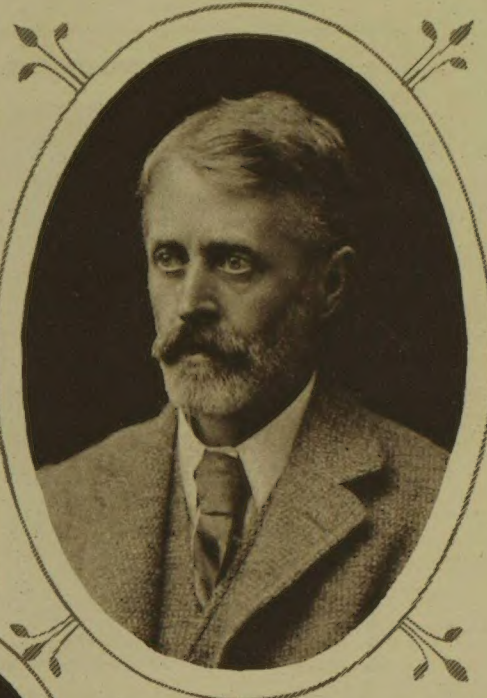
PHOTOGRAPHS BY CANADIAN WAR RECORDS, FARRINGTON PHOTO CO., KEYSTONE VIEW CO., RUSSELL, MANUEL, ELLIOTT AND FRY, LAFAYETTE, AND BARRATT.



NEWLY COME TO THE FRONT IN POLO: CAPT. A. H. WILLIAMS.



A POWER IN MODERN EGYPT: ZAGHLUL PASHA.



A FAMOUS ARTIST ELECTED AN A.R.A.: MR. AUGUSTUS JOHN.



AN EMINENT ARCHITECT ELECTED AN A.R.A.: SIR JOHN BURNET.



A WELL-KNOWN SCULPTOR ELECTED AN A.R.A.: MR. W. R. DICK.

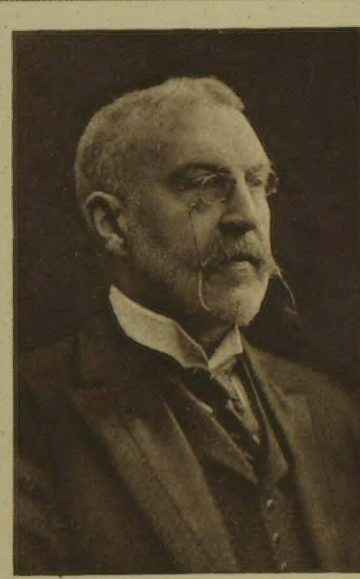
A FRENCH AUTHOR'S UNTIMELY DEATH: THE LATE M. PAUL LOYSON.



APPOINTED HONORARY DIRECTOR OF HOUSING: SIR C. T. RUTHEN.



APPOINTED A JUDGE OF KING'S BENCH: MR. GEORGE A. H. BRANSON.



A DISTINGUISHED PAINTER ELECTED AN A.R.A.: MR. F. CAYLEY ROBINSON.

THE GIANT SOCK-KNITTING M.P.: THE LATE MR. J. CATHCART WASON.



AUTHOR OF "AS IN A LOOKING-GLASS": THE LATE MR. F. C. PHILIPS.

Much interest was caused in art circles by the news that Mr. Augustus John, the famous painter who has hitherto held aloof from academic honours, had been elected an A.R.A. Other notable elections were those of Sir John J. Burnet, the architect of the British Museum extensions; Mr. F. Cayley Robinson, the painter; and Mr. W. Reid Dick, the sculptor.—Capt. A. H. Williams, of the Central India Horse, may be in the British polo team for the international matches at Hurlingham.—Zaghlul Pasha has lately been in controversy with the Premier, Adly Pasha, regarding the coming delegation to London to discuss the future of Egypt.—M. Paul Hyacinthe Loyson, the well-known French *littérateur*, died in Paris on April 19, in his forty-eighth year. His early death is much deplored.

Only recently he was lecturing at the Institut Français in London.—Mr. John Cathcart Wason, M.P. (Co.Lib.) for Orkney and Shetland, died in London on April 19. He was noted for his great height (over 6 ft. 6 in.) and his habit of passing the time, while waiting for a division at Westminster, in knitting socks in the tea-room or some other quiet corner.—Sir Charles T. Ruthen, F.R.I.B.A., has been appointed by the Minister of Health as Honorary Director-General of Housing.—Mr. George A. H. Branson has been made a Judge of the High Court, King's Bench.—Mr. Francis Charles Philips, novelist and dramatist, died on April 21, aged seventy-one. His best-known novel was his first, "As in a Looking-Glass." The play was Mme. Bernhardt's first English production.

NEWS OF THE WEEK: OLD LONDON BRIDGE; THE FASCISTI;

PHOTOGRAPHS BY I.B. MORANO-PISCULLI



ONCE PART OF THE ONLY THAMES BRIDGE IN LONDON: AN ARCH OF OLD LONDON BRIDGE RECENTLY UNEARTHED.



BAPTISING THEIR COLOURS IN THE FOUNTAINS OF THE CAPITOL: FASCISTI IN ROME.



A LONDON BOROUGH HONOURS ITS DEAD: THE MAYOR OF HAMSTEAD (ALDERMAN J. T. FRAZER, J.P.) LAYING A WREATH ON THE WAR MEMORIAL.



A BOND BETWEEN BRITAIN AND AMERICA: SHAKESPEARE—THE BIRTHDAY CELEBRATIONS AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON, SHOWING SIR SIDNEY LEE AND MR. JAMES K. HACKETT.



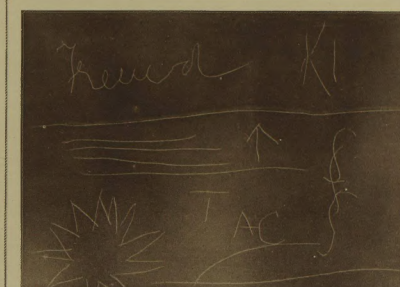
THE FUNERAL OF A GREAT QUARTERMASTER-OF GENERAL SIR JOHN COWANS



GRAND MASTER OF A GREAT ORDER: THE PRINCE OF WALES AT ST. PAUL'S.



SWEARING FIDELITY TO ITALIAN INSTITUTIONS: FASCISTI TAKING THE OATH AT THE CAPITOL.



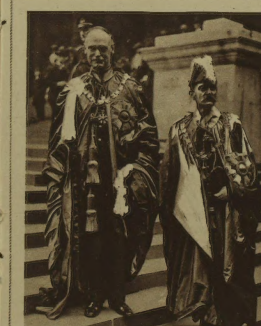
THE WINDOW-SLASHING CAMPAIGN IN LONDON: TYPICAL MARKS—A COMPOSITE PHOTOGRAPH FROM SEVERAL DIFFERENT WINDOWS.



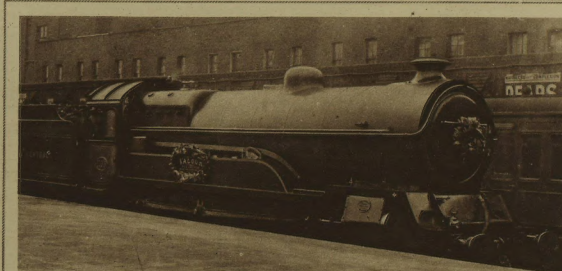
GENERAL: THE GUN-CARRIAGE WITH THE COFFIN FOLLOWED BY HIS CHARGER.



IN WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL: THE REQUIEM MASS FOR GENERAL SIR JOHN COWANS; WITH A GUARD OF HONOUR OF THE GLOUCESTERSHIRE REGIMENT.



IN THEIR G.C.M.G. ROBES: LORD EMMOTT AND SIR FREDERICK LUGARD AT ST. PAUL'S.



A RAILWAY ENGINE AS WAR MEMORIAL: THE G.C.R. LOCOMOTIVE "VALOUR," DEDICATED TO EMPLOYEES OF THE COMPANY WHO GAVE THEIR LIVES FOR THEIR COUNTRY IN THE GREAT WAR.

A whole arch of old London Bridge, which was pulled down during the construction of the present one (begun in 1825), was recently discovered during building operations near St. Magnus Church on the north side of the river. The arch is apparently medieval, but contains supporting ribs dated 1705. Up to 1738, London Bridge was the only one across the Thames at London.—The Roman branch of the Fascisti, an Italian league for the preservation of State institutions against Bolshevik tendencies, recently held a great demonstration at the Capitol, where they took an oath of allegiance and dipped their flags in the fountains.—An extraordinary campaign of "window-slashing" has been going on in London and other cities, causing thousands of pounds' worth of damage. Our composite photograph contains various marks made on London windows in different

districts.—A memorial was recently unveiled at Hampstead to soldiers, sailors, and airmen of the borough who fell in the war.—The funeral of General Sir John Cowans, ex-Quartermaster-General, took place on April 25. A Requiem Mass was held in Westminster Cathedral, where the Gloucestershire Regiment, of which he was Colonel, provided a guard of honour. Thence the coffin was taken on a gun-carriage to Kensal Green Cemetery.—The Shakespeare Birthday celebrations at Stratford-on-Avon opened on April 23.—The Prince of Wales, as Grand Master of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, attended the annual service at St. Paul's on April 22. He arrived in his uniform as Colonel of the Welsh Guards.—The Great Central Railway has named its latest main-line engine the "Valour," placing on it an inscription in memory of G.C.R. employees who fell in the war.

THE ENGLISH CUP BROUGHT SOUTH AFTER TWENTY YEARS:

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FARRINGTON PHOTO CO.

THE "SPURS" BEAT THE "WOLVES" BEFORE THE KING.

SPORT AND GENERAL, G.P.U., C.N., AND TOPICAL.



THE DECISIVE MOMENT: THE SCORING OF THE ONLY GOAL IN THE MATCH, BY DIMMOCK, TOTTENHAM'S OUTSIDE LEFT (IN WHITE JERSEY, THIRD TO THE RIGHT FROM RIGHT-HAND GOAL-POST.)



NOT A "FAIR WEATHER" KING! HIS MAJESTY AND THE DUKE OF YORK GREETING THE "WOLVES" TEAM IN POURING RAIN.



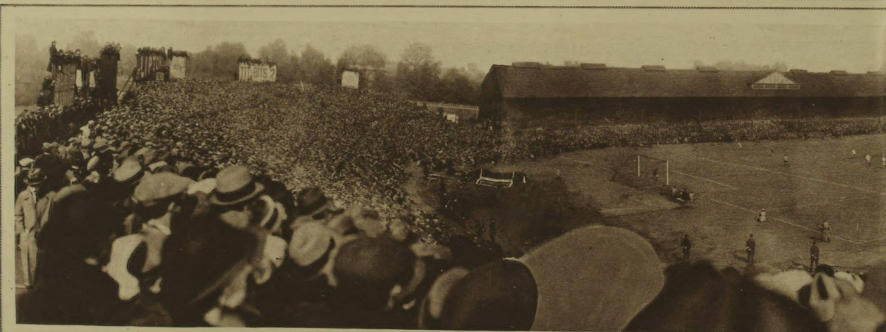
THE FINANCIAL SIDE OF A CUP FINAL: MONEY-BAGS OF "TAKINGS" ON THE WAY TO THE BANK UNDER POLICE ESCORT.



THE KING HANDING THE CUP TO GRIMDELL, THE "SPURS" CAPTAIN, AMID TREMENDOUS ENTHUSIASM (THE DUKE OF YORK NEXT BUT ONE TO LEFT).



AUSTRALIAN CRICKETERS AT THE CUP FINAL: MEMBERS OF THE TEAM JUST ARRIVED FOR THE FORTHCOMING TEST MATCHES.



THE HUGE CONCOURSE OF 72,000 SPECTATORS AT STAMFORD BRIDGE: A PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE GROUND



DURING THE CUP FINAL (TAKEN IN TWO SECTIONS, SHOWING TWO DIFFERENT MOMENTS OF THE GAME).

In spite of the weather and the coal crisis, a huge throng of 72,000 spectators gathered at Stamford Bridge on Saturday, April 23, to see the final match for the Football Association Cup between Tottenham Hotspur and the Wolverhampton Wanderers. The King, who (accompanied by the Duke of York) went out in heavy rain to shake hands with the teams, and afterwards presented the Cup to the winners, received a tremendous ovation from the crowd. The "Spurs" beat the "Wolves" by one goal to none, thus winning the English Cup for the second time and bringing it South after an interval of twenty years. The single goal of the match was kicked by Dimmock, the Tottenham outside left, and our first photograph above shows the actual moment. Dimmock is the figure (in white jersey) third to the right from the right-hand goal-post, in the front line of players, just over the man seated at the right-hand end of a group of photographers near the line. The ball has just shot past the "Wolves" goal-keeper,

George (who has fallen in attempting to save), into the left-hand corner of the net. In the foreground is an ambulance party attending to a spectator who has fainted. The "Spurs" wore white jerseys; the "Wolves," black-and-gold stripes. The Australian cricketers shown are (from left to right) Messrs. E. R. Mayne, E. A. McDonald, J. M. Gregory, H. L. Hendry, J. Andrews, A. A. Mailey, J. M. Taylor, H. L. Collins (Vice-Captain), and Sydney Smith (Manager). The panoramic view, it should be explained, owing to the time taken in turning the camera, shows two successive moments of the game, the players in one section moving in a different direction from that in the other. This, however, does not detract from its value as a general view of the immense crowd and a scene typical of the enormous popularity of football as a British sport. The mass of human heads looks, curiously enough, rather like a vast pile of coal!



THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.



By J. T. GREIN.

I HAVE tender memories of the gifted writer that was Frank Danby. Her husband, Arthur Frankau—immortalised, I suspect, by his son Gilbert in "Peter Jackson, Cigar Merchant," one of the finest novels of the day—was a great friend and supporter of the Independent Theatre. Mrs. Frankau for a little while helped me in an unspeakably uphill task to maintain the enterprise after the insensate outcry against Ibsen's "Ghosts"—the self-same "Ghosts" which in wartime was encouraged by the military authorities as a red light of warning against a scourge.

In those days Frank Danby was famous in the literary world and notorious among the groundlings, for she had written "A Babe in Bohemia," a Zolaesque picture of life which was taboo in the libraries. She often meditated turning it into a play, but somehow it would not shape. She contested that her dower lay not the way of the theatre; she would have loved to write plays—she may have done, for aught I know, but none of them saw the light. On the other hand, her name as a novelist soared with every book; and when at length—as it were, in reply to critics who said that she was a cynic and realist—she produced "The Heart of a Child," a story full of feeling and human kindness, her name became a household word. She died alas! in the force of her age and power, and it was left to her son Gilbert, who has inherited all his mother's gifts and more, and to his accomplished wife, Miss Aimée de Burgh, to lay reverent hands on the story for stage purposes. In the process of transformation much had to go by the board, and the outcome of the engrossing book is a touching little play of an archaic nature. For the present, it would appear, Gilbert Frankau, like his mother, is more at ease in novels than in stage-craft. Somehow in transit the story has lost some of its force and flavour. There are excellent scenes, and a love episode in the third act so full of charm and discretion that it promises well for Gilbert Frankau as a dramatist; but the whole play is—I mean it not in harshness, but in terseness of criticism—obvious: a kind of "Caste" minus the ingenuity and the ingenuousness of Robertson. Yet it is a pleasant entertainment, which touches little souls, and draws a sob and many smiles from them, mainly because Misses Renée Kelly, Fay Davis—one is glad to see her back—Aimée de Burgh, Anne Russell, Muriel Pope, and Messrs Arthur Pusey and C. V. France play it with sincerity and in the spirit of simple human beings without pretence. Frank-

ly, it was the first time since many a day that Miss Renée Kelly gave me real pleasure, because she often forgot her technical equipment, and gave us nature instead of craft. I wish that this truly talented actress would once be disciplined by a Barker, a Commisicarewski, or a Fagan, and be made to feel the difference between craft and inwardness. Then—and not until then—I wager there would arise an actress who would

not merely be idolised by the lovers of "Daddy Long Legs," but would accomplish great things.

And "the cry is still, They come," the little theatres of London, the little *théâtres à côté*, which in one way or the other mean to push along the Thespian Cart. We have already the Stage-Society, the Phoenix, the Play-Actors, the Playwrights' Theatre, the French Players, the Repertory Theatre, the Hampstead Theatre of Mrs.

associate with three or four promising members of the youngest generation to produce triple and quadruple bills of selected one-act plays, the pick of the British and foreign orchard, to give them a send-off at Leighton House, and thence to "farm them out" on Sundays and on week-days at tea-time, to studios, at flying matinées by the sea, in drawing-rooms after dinner—in fine, wherever there is demand for a high-class and varied entertainment. It is a capital idea, and, if it lives

up to its ideal, bound to succeed. The success of the Grand Guignol has proved that there is a great public for the *spectacle coupé*; and what a charming prospect it is for hostesses to fill the evening, not only with music, but with a miniature theatrical performance. Here's good luck to the Studio Theatre!—and to Miss May Haysack, the directress, who is to be found at 1, Inverness Terrace, W.

I wonder what was the matter with my good friends in the Gaiety gallery when "Faust on Toast" was produced. Why did they "shoot the pianists," who had done their best?—the author, who brought us back to the good old times of pantomime doggerel; the composer, who very cleverly and with a sense of humour musically made fun

of the famous tunes of Gounod, adding a few of his own, which sometimes were level with the Gaiety standard of Meyer-Lutz's day; the lyricist, Mr. Adrian Ross, the pleasant greybeard who for ever and a day has added to the gaiety of the Gaiety (and the nation) with his songs? Was it temper or a sign of the time? For truly this "Faust on Toast" is as up to date as its predecessor; and not the

least of many pretty things during the evening was the reproduction of the palmy days when the "Bogey-Man" haunted town. That part of the evening—last and best—was a thing of joy and beauty; we were all under the spell of youthful enthusiasm. Of course, during the evening there were long weary moments—but look at the compensations: Robert Hale, and oh! so hearty, the very devil of a Mephistopheles, and a magician to boot, who carries his fifties on shoulders of twenty (yet he is Binnie's father), a world of entertainment in himself; Jack Buchanan, beau-ideal of a loose-limbed young Englishman, a dancer and comedian born; Maisie Gay, true to her name, an incidentally amusing Martha, excelling in a parody of "Irene," that made us shriek; Morris Harvey, driest of extra-dry; Renée Mayer, capital little dancer, but

just a little too *terre-à-terre* to be the Marguerite of our dreams. And then there was a feast for the eyes—costumes vying with the beauty of the rainbow; a kinematown as dainty as the toylands of a Nürnberg box; girls so shapely that perhaps Mr. Augustus John would be moved to the same ecstasy as carried him away in his adoration of Isadora Duncan. In fine, an after-dinner menu of choice morsels.



BEFORE IT WAS PREPARED FOR A REVIVAL OF THE "AGAMEMNON" AND "CHOEPHORI": THE ANCIENT GREEK THEATRE AT SYRACUSE, WHERE AESCHYLUS PRODUCED HIS "WOMEN OF ETNA" IN 468 B.C.

Bishop, and sundry more from East to West (not forgetting one or two Yiddish side-shows in London's Palestine E.) from Chelsea to Covent Garden. Kensington—rich Kensington, the Royal Borough—stood hitherto in proud aloofness from the artistic wave that is flooding the Metropolis. But Kensington too will be redeemed from the blame of inartistic indifference. In a recent *Telegraph* we read the glad tidings



WITH MODERN "SCENERY" ADDED FOR A REVIVAL OF AESCHYLUS: THE "AGAMEMNON" PRODUCED IN THE ANCIENT GREEK THEATRE AT SYRACUSE.

It was arranged to produce the "Choephoroi" of Aeschylus—the second play of his Oresteian trilogy—in Italian, on April 16, 17, 20, 24 and 28, in the ancient Greek theatre at Syracuse, where Aeschylus himself produced his "Women of Etna" (since lost) and other plays in 468 B.C. He was then at the court of Hiero, tyrant of Sicily, for whom the theatre was built, about 480 B.C. It is one of the largest, 166 yards in diameter, and hollowed out of solid rock. Aeschylus died at Gela in Sicily, in 456 B.C. His "Agamemnon," the first play of the trilogy, was similarly revived at Syracuse in 1914.

By Courtesy of the Italian State Railways.

of the forthcoming Studio Theatre, with proposed and befitting headquarters in the poetic Leighton House, in the Melbury Road. A young actress, already well known and glowing with ambition, Miss May Haysack—whose late father was a renowned professor of elocution, to whom many statesmen of light and leading and many singers and actors owe their rise—has discovered the latest egg of Columbus. Her fascinating idea is to



SAILS : "OUTWARD BOUND."

FROM A COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPH BY IRVING UNDERHILL



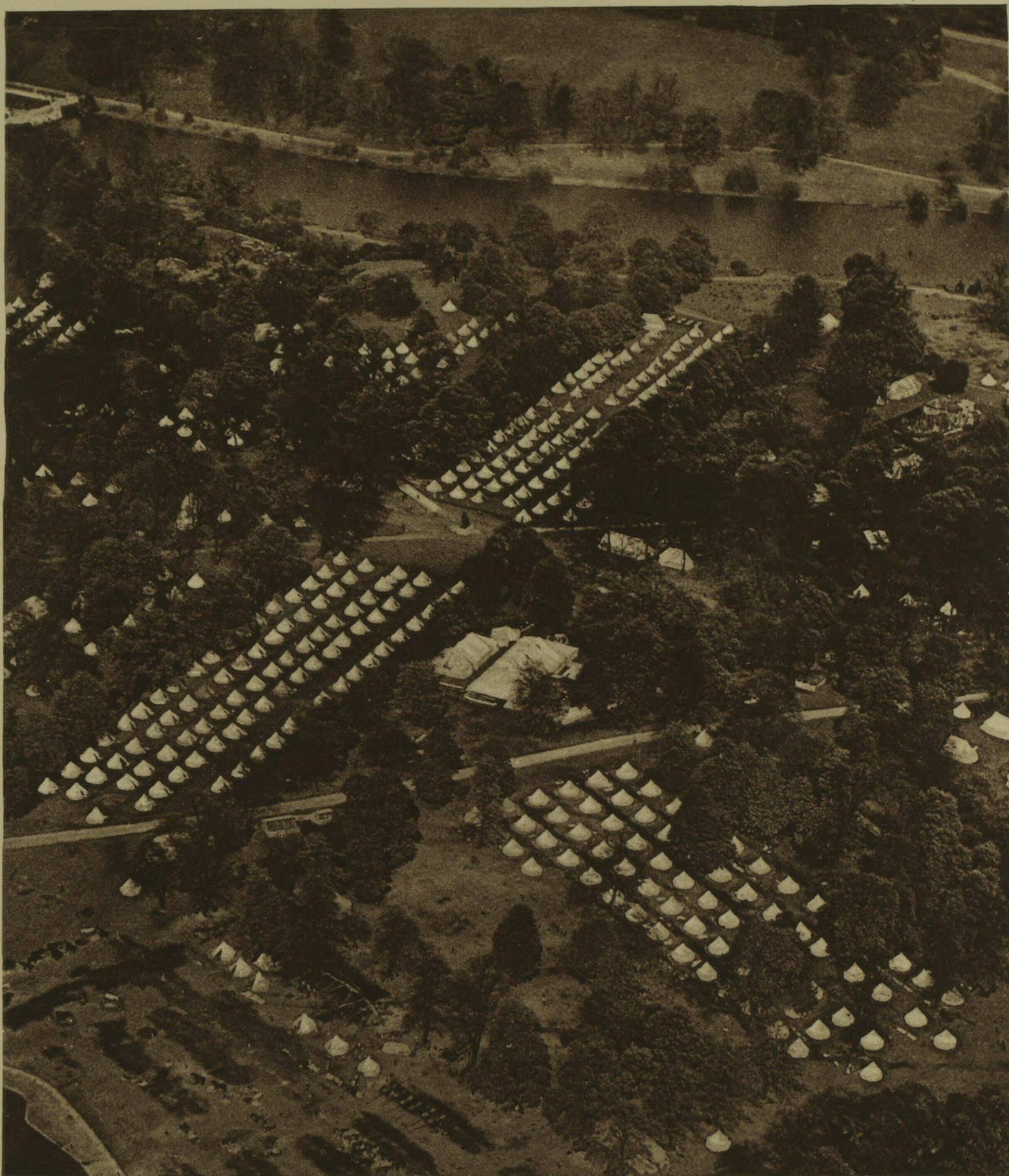
STEAM: "HOMEWARD BOUND."

The photograph shows the U.S. battle-ship "Pennsylvania" in Cuban waters.

PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY PHOTOPRESS.

PETER PAN YIELDS TO "PHYSICAL ENERGY": KENSINGTON'S CAMP.

AN AIR PHOTOGRAPH BY THE CENTRAL AEROPHOTO CO., LTD.



HITHERTO London has looked upon Kensington Gardens as a haunt of ancient peace, despite the proximity of the Magazine just over the border in Hyde Park, at the corner by the bridge that carries the dividing road across the Serpentine. Not even the Great War brought the clash of arms into the domain of Peter Pan, if we except some minor operations of certain volunteers. The spade-work of patriotic vegetable-growers near the old Palace was the principal sign the Gardens gave that London was at war. It was reserved for the menace of civil commotion to turn them into a Campus Martius. The nurse-maids and the perambulators were banished, along with the stickleback fishers and mariners of the Round Pond, and into their walks and grassy pleasantries came the tramp of an armed host. The spirit of Peter Pan yielded to that of his rival, "Physical Energy," and the

groves of the fairies were turned into a tented field. Times change, and we change with them. This was the place that inspired Matthew Arnold to sing: "Yet here is peace for ever new! When I who watch them am away, Still all things in this glade go through The changes of their quiet day. . . . Calm soul of all things! make it mine To feel, amid the city's jar, That there abides a peace of thine, Man did not make, and cannot mar." That Victorian dream of settled peace, of a social order which nothing seemed likely to disturb, has been rudely shattered in these later days. How, we may ask, would his old subject inspire Matthew Arnold if he were with us now? If he could soar in an aeroplane, looking down upon this war-like scene, it is interesting to speculate as to what might be the burden of his "Lines written above Kensington Gardens."

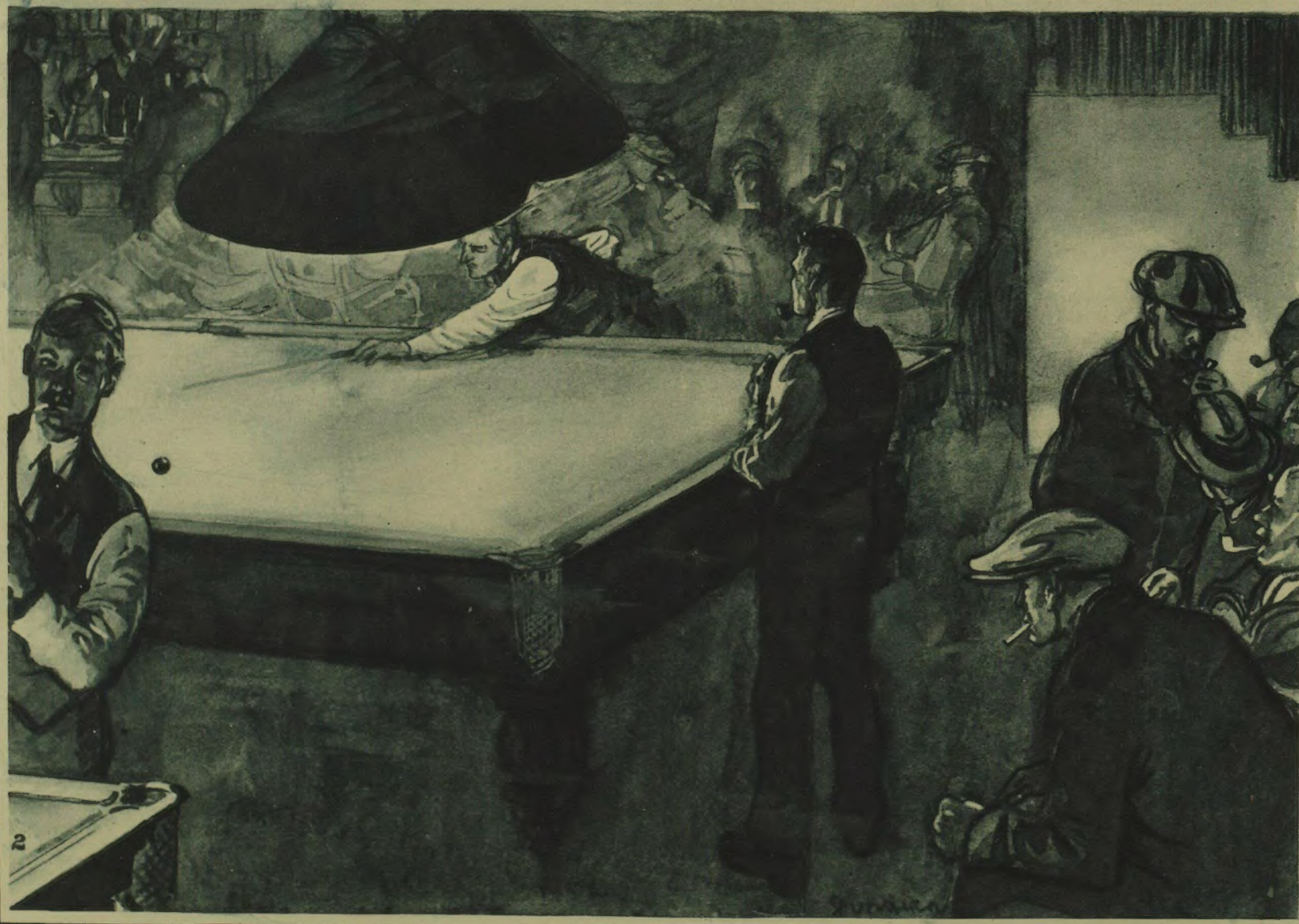
SEEN FROM AN AEROPLANE: KENSINGTON GARDENS AS LONDON'S CAMPUS MARTIUS, WHERE TROOPS WERE QUARTERED DURING THE STRIKE CRISIS.

Among the photographs given in our issue of April 16, illustrating various phases of the strike crisis and the precautions taken by the authorities to maintain order and protect public services, was one showing a regiment of Guards marching into Kensington Gardens to take up their quarters there. The above photograph, taken recently from an aeroplane, gives a bird's-eye view of the transformation which was rapidly effected in the Gardens. Without undue publicity—indeed,

descriptions in the Press have been conspicuous by their absence—lines of tents arose in the broad avenue and surrounding glades among the trees. In the open space in the centre may be seen Watts' equestrian statue of "Physical Energy," appropriately symbolic. In the left foreground is a corner of the Round Pond, with transport lines and horses. Across the background is the western reach of the Serpentine, showing, on the left, part of the Italian gardens and ponds.

MINERS' RECREATIONS DURING THE CRISIS: PIGEON-FLYING; BILLIARDS.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I.



1. SPORT WITH PIGEONS THAT INVOLVES NO CRUELTY: TWO SOUTH LANCASHIRE MINERS OUT WITH THEIR HOMING BIRDS FOR PRACTICE FLIGHTS DURING THE COAL CRISIS.

Life in the mining districts of South Lancashire, round about Wigan, did not seem to be greatly disturbed by the crisis, whatever may be the distress in other coalfields, where, perhaps, conditions are less favourable. In the Wigan mining district there are many cotton-mills, which give employment to the miners' daughters and to some of their sons. The miners' chief recreations are pigeon-

2. WHERE MINERS AND MINE OFFICIALS MEET IN AN ATMOSPHERE OF GOOD-FELLOWSHIP: THE BILLIARD-ROOM OF A CLUB ATTACHED TO A SOUTH LANCASHIRE COLLIERY.

flying and, at certain seasons, whippet-racing. They belong to pigeon-flying clubs, which hold periodic competitions, and they frequently take their birds out for practice homing flights. The pigeons are carried closely wrapped, each in a red handkerchief. The time of their release is duly noted, while the womenfolk at home have been instructed to note the time of their arrival. There is usually

[Continued opposite.]

THE MINER'S HOME DURING THE CRISIS: A LANCASHIRE "INTERIOR."

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I.



WHERE THE GIRLS, AND SOMETIMES THE BOYS, WORK AT THE COTTON-MILL: DINNER TIME AT A LANCASHIRE MINER'S HOME DURING THE CRISIS; SHOWING A BUCKET OF COAL BROUGHT FROM A "DIRT-ROOK."

Continued.]

a club attached to a colliery, with billiard-rooms, football grounds, and other means of amusement. These clubs are provided by the management, and the miners contribute towards their upkeep. Mine officials associate there with the miners, and thus a spirit of comradeship is established. The clubs are very well patronised. The billiard-room generally contains a bar and a couple of

tables. The right-hand drawing shows a South Lancashire miner's home during the dinner hour, when the girls come in from the mills. The only sign of scarcity is the bucket of coal which two younger members of the family have brought in from a "dirt-rook," or waste dump, at the pit-head. An expedition for obtaining fuel from that source is illustrated on the following double-page.

MURDERING SLEEP: A MOONLIGHT TREK TO

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST,



REPLENISHING THE FAMILY COAL-CELLAR IN A SOUTH LANCASHIRE MINING DISTRICT

The dwellers in mining districts have means of replenishing the family coal-cellar, during the time of shortage caused by a stoppage of work, denied to less fortunate householders elsewhere. At the pit-heads there are dumps—known in South Lancashire as “dirt-rooks”—of waste stuff from the collieries which contain some 20 per cent. of coal. Whole families will occasionally spend most of the night (taking their food with them) in scratching for coal among these heaps, regardless of the fact that, being of a combustible material, they are frequently on fire or smouldering. The spoils are brought home in all manner of vehicles and receptacles—lorries, carts, trucks, wheeled boxes,

THE “DIRT-ROOKS” TO SCRATCH FOR COAL.

STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I.



DURING THE CRISIS: BRINGING HOME FUEL FROM PIT-HEAD WASTE DUMPS AT NIGHT.

bicycles, sacks, buckets, and so on. No horses are used, and the wagons are dragged by hand. The noise made by these nocturnal expeditions, when all else is quiet, with the clatter of clogs and rumble of wheels, like Macbeth, “murders sleep” for the unfortunate neighbours who live on the line of route, and for that reason their operations have had to be restricted. Our illustration shows the return journey from a “dirt-rook” by moonlight. Other drawings on the two previous pages, made in the same district about Wigan, illustrate some of the miner’s recreations and his domestic life.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

ART IN THE SALE ROOMS

BY ARTHUR HAYDEN.

THE little district called the Adelphi, in London, now associated with the Savage Club, with the Society of Arts, and with London's Grand Guignol, has borne this name since 1772 from the architects, the brothers Adam, who signed their architectural drawings "Adelphi." The Adam style is well known. It is found on the quays in Dublin; it made Edinburgh "the Athens

a collection of Chinese embroideries and other Oriental art work. One example, the property of Sir Lees Knowles, Bt., exhibited at the Victoria and Albert Museum, was a seventeenth-century Japanese Buddhist temple hanging, with phoenixes, dragons, peacocks, and tree peonies—a remarkable specimen. Stuart needlework loomed large.

Modern pictures and water-colour drawings at Christie's always afford something interesting. The sale on the 29th was a fine selection. To run through the names one gets a bird's-eye view of

what passed into other hands. It was a good show, some of works of known men whose price was settled to a nicety; some on the down grade; others coming steadily onward with posthumous honours. There is always the margin of unknown outsiders—dark horses who may or who will come into the lime-light.

Sam Bough is a name, as is Copley Fielding, belonging to days just following Waterloo, 1825, when there were riots against machinery,

just as nowadays the same spirit blinds ponies in the coal mines in lieu of more up-to-date methods of transport. Copley Fielding is really a pre-Victorian. He made a name, and his work was rapidly executed. He died in 1855, and the Victoria and Albert Museum has a large collection of his water-colour drawings. But he was an unequal artist. In this sale there were eight of his pieces. E. M. Wimperis, with his "Near Chichester," 1888, and "The Winding River," 1899, recalls old memories. It was his spirit which drove his generation to erect the palatial home of the Painters in Water Colours nearly opposite the Royal Academy. He was the link between the old British water-colour school and modernity. At his death in 1900, his drawings fetched good prices at Christie's. He is numbered among those who did sketching and wood-drawing for *The Illustrated London News*. Included in the sale were three Turners; but Turner is evanescent in

his pigments. If Ruskin were alive, that great prophet would see how clayey were his idol's feet.

Napoleonic relics have their charm. Napoleon strode the world as a Colossus. His character was extraordinarily complex. The man with a withered arm attempted a Prussian simulation of his greatness. He was as Potsdam is to Versailles, a miserable echo. Posterity will recognise the kink in his brain, and marvel at an intelligent people being governed by a monomaniac. Nowadays all the world curses him for disturbing the equilibrium of civilisation. But one forgets that Napoleon did the same. Perhaps collectors do not forget, for they value books and prints, autograph letters and works of art bearing on the "little Corsican ogre" in Gillray and Rowlandson



SOLD AT THE GREY SALE FOR £1887: A PAIR OF CHARLES II. TANKARDS, WITH EAGLE FEET AND THUMB-PIECE, BY T. ISSOD, 1671.

This pair of Charles II. tankards formed an item in the Grey sale at Christie's on April 20. By Courtesy of Messrs. Christie, Manson and Woods.

of the North." The furniture, therefore, of the late Mr. Hugo Vallentin, of Adam House, Adelphi, sold by Messrs. Puttick and Simpson on the 22nd, suggested at once Adam furniture by the designers who founded a school and left their impress on many of the arts. But it is not given to all collectors to keep a tight rein on their hobby and become exclusive. In regard to certain houses of particularly defined styles, the owners have lost that fine sense of perspective and have brought furniture and pictures of other periods, fine enough specimens maybe, into an environment utterly unsuited. There is a notorious example of this mistake in a manor house near Guildford, one of the treasures of the country, upon which a monograph has been written as being a choice specimen of English art, now a wreck of its former grandeur owing to ignorance.

In the sale of the 22nd it was at once seen how far afield the late collector had wandered from the Adam style. It was a miscellaneous collection. There was Dutch metal-work, glass Nankin porcelain, delft jars and dishes, old Imari porcelain; and the furniture ranged in chairs from Queen Anne to a Windsor chair with wheel centre. A Charles II. oak table on spiral-turned legs with square stretchers was noticeable; and a Chippendale mahogany square folding card-table came up for appraisal. Foreign furniture included fine old Flemish cabinets and coffers.

Silver claimed its toll on the 28th and 29th at Messrs. Sotheby's sale of the property of Sir John Trelawny, Bt., and others. A fine Chippendale urn by E. Romer, 1769—the year when the first letter of "Junius" appeared during the great Wilkes controversy—won the distinction expected from connoisseurs. Candlesticks of the William III. era always bring a fair price, and the pair by John Chartier, 1700, won distinction. A fine old Irish candlestick by John Hamilton, of Dublin, had a character of its own. In the same sale, on the 29th, textiles came forward, including



IN A COLLECTION WHICH ATTRACTED THE QUEEN, AND REALISED £32,149: A GEORGE II. SILVER TOILET SERVICE BY MAGDALEN FELINE, 1754—SOLD FOR £2000.

The collection of old English silver plate of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, sold at Christie's on April 20 for Catherine Lady Grey and Sir John Foley Grey, Bt., was one of the most important dispersed for many years. The Queen was among many visitors who went to see it. The 160 lots realised £32,149. The oval wine-cistern by Phil Rolles (1701), illustrated in our issue of April 16, fetched £1750.

By Courtesy of Messrs. Christie, Manson and Woods.



ONE OF A SET OF SIX WHICH FETCHED £3100: A GEORGE II. SILVER SCONE (16 IN. HIGH) BY PETER ARCHAMBO, 1730.

The above belonged to a set of six George II. sconces, embossed with classical subjects, sold in the Grey sale.

By Courtesy of Messrs. Christie, Manson and Woods.

terms of opprobrium. As time goes on, and the Entente Cordiale continues, we forget Trafalgar and we bury Waterloo.

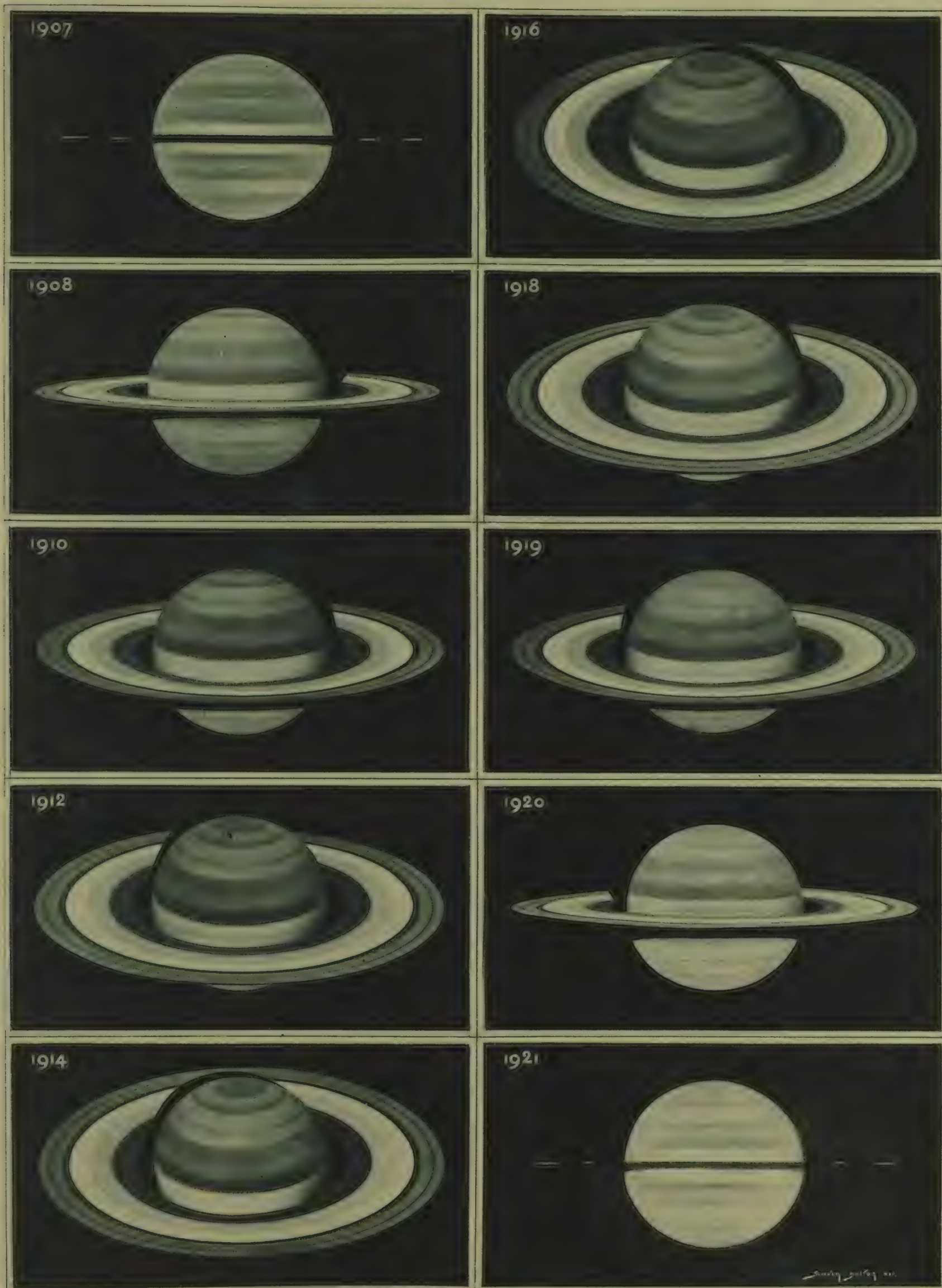
We turn common eyes to Sedan, and perhaps some of us remember woe-fully "Albert says we must have a strong Prussia," as recorded in Queen Victoria's "Diaries," and we wish it had been otherwise. The properties of Dr. Silk and Field Marshal Lord Grenfell falling under the hammer offer illumination in a field already covered with wonderful data. Napoleon at St. Helena is here illustrated in a collection of documents and portraits. A whole library of books encompass the St. Helena period, and here it is. There are a good many portraits here of Napoleon not well known, including the pencil drawing by Captain Marryat of him on his death-bed.

Caricatures are offered, including a German one in the usual bad taste of that cultured race, exhibiting Napoleon's war on rats at St. Helena with an observation balloon.

A wide area is covered, extending from snuff-boxes and Sevres busts, to Wood and Caldwell, Staffordshire figures, so that here the alpha and omega of the subject is reached.

INVISIBLE THIS YEAR: SATURN'S RINGS TURNED EDGEWISE TO EARTH.

DRAWN BY SCRIVEN BOLTON, F.R.A.S., M.B.A.A., ETC.



MOONS IN THE MAKING: THE RINGS OF SATURN, TEMPORARILY INVISIBLE EVERY FIFTEEN YEARS.

As shown above, that mysterious ring-plane girdling the planet Saturn is now turned edgewise to the earth. This is one of the greatest events of the year, occurring as it does only about every fifteen years. When looking at Saturn one gains the impression that the rings possess a substantial thickness. But so slender and thin are they—about 50 miles in thickness—that when turned exactly edgewise to us they are invisible. One would expect still to see the outer edge illuminated by the sun; but such is not the case. The disappearance of the rings began about April 9 and lasts to August 4 next. The rings will at first exhibit faint condensations, as in the bottom right-hand picture, but later on

these will probably vanish. One startling fact about the rings is that although beautifully symmetrical, they are not solid, but represent a huge conglomeration of particles, probably meteoric matter. As shown above, the particles forming the inner part of the ring are but thinly scattered, as the ball of Saturn can be clearly seen through them. The outer dusky ring is now also believed to be partly transparent. Professor Keeler found that the inner part of the ring travels at the rate of 10 miles a second, the outer 12½ miles. This immense ring-system probably represents a stage in the formation of a new satellite or satellites.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE BIRTH OF A CIVIL WAR IN ENGLAND: A FEUD OF FACTIONS THAT CAUSED A NATIONAL CALAMITY.

FROM THE PAINTING BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



"THIS BRAWL . . . SHALL SEND . . . A THOUSAND SOULS TO DEATH": THE ORIGIN (AS IMAGINED BY SHAKESPEARE) OF THE WARS OF THE ROSES.

Civil war in this country nowadays, if such an unthinkable calamity could occur, would send more than "a thousand souls to death." Civil wars arise from tyrannical oppression, or from the selfish feuds of factions that will not work together for the common good. In the fifteenth century, when the Wars of the Roses raged in England off and on for thirty years, it was individual ambition that caused the trouble. To-day the source of peril lies in divisions between large sections of the population. But the result of strife would be the same—a catastrophe to the nation. Our drawing illustrates the quarrel in the Temple Garden in Act II., Scene 4, of Shakespeare's "Henry VI," Part 1. It has a special interest at this time of year, because Shakespeare imagines the dispute as taking

place about the time when Joan of Arc raised the siege of Orleans, on May 8, 1429, just 492 years ago. Shakespeare begins the scene with the plucking of a white rose by Richard Plantagenet (the centre figure of the group of three on the right). With him are the Earl of Warwick (in a long robe)—who has just stuck a white rose in his cap and is replacing it on his head—and a lawyer. On the left are the three Lancastrians. The Earl of Somerset is holding up a red rose. Next is the Earl of Suffolk, with another lawyer. At the close of the scene, Warwick prophesies: "This brawl to-day, Grown to this faction in the Temple Garden, Shall send, between the red rose and the white, A thousand souls to death and deadly night."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

BOOKS OF THE DAY

By E. B. OSBORN.

THE gulf between East and West is so deep and wide that all the tears of eternity, it has been said, could not suffice to fill it so that a lamp in a coracle (like the symbolical craft that navigate the Ganges) could cross safely from either side. Yet Toru Dutt, though she died at the age of twenty, could bridge it with a thought or a flash of emotion, such was her wondrous gift of what can only be called psychical mimicry—the power of entering into the most secret inspirations of alien and remote peoples. The famous French critic, James Darmesteter, said of her: "This daughter of Bengal, so admirably and so strangely gifted, Hindu by race and tradition, an Englishwoman by education, a Frenchwoman at heart, poet in English, prose-writer in French; who at the age of eighteen made India acquainted with the poets of France in the rhyme of England,

nostalgia for the West—a desire for its vivid, eager life, for its green countryside under a misty sun, for the lonely wild moors where the Brontës lived in solitude, above all for the strange and lovely enchantments of frost and snow. She could never forget her free life as a student by the banks of the narrow, elusive Cam, the "nice cosy evenings" with her friends and the Sunday evenings when, being a Christian and not merely an *anima naturaliter Christiana*, she drank in deep draughts of music from the college organ. Never was there a more striking example of the perfect interfusion of the temper of the West and the Eastern temperament.

Time would have given her English poetry the mellow sweetness it lacked, and we should then have possessed more of the lyrics like that which sprinkles the "ashes of roses" on altars of remembrance. It now appears, thanks to Mr.

Harihar Das's careful researches, that some of the lyrics attributed to her are really the work of her sister Aru. Thus the very lines quoted by Mr. Edmund Gosse to exemplify Toru's early mastery of English verse—

Still barred thy gates! The Far East
glows,
The morning wind wakes fresh and
free!
Should not the hour that wakes the rose
Awaken also thee?
All look for thee, Love, Light, and
Song—
Light in the sky deep-red above,
Song, in the lark of pinions strong,
And in my heart true Love—

have the initial A (Aru) against them in "The Sheaf." As Abju, the only brother, died young, as his sisters did, and also had a literary gift, the story of this generation of the Dutt family is one of the tragedies of literature. It is the strength of Toru's verse shown in such a line as her impression of the *simuls* in blossom—

Red—red, and startling like a
trumpet's sound—

and in the aspect of a weird watcher—

A grey baboon sits statue-like alone,
Watching the sunrise—

and in the classical dignity of Savita's speech as she addresses Death—

I know that in this transient world

All is delusion—

nothing true;

I know its shows are

mists unfurled

To please and van-

ish. To renew

Its bubble joys, be

magic-bound

In Maya's net-work

frail and fair

Is not my aim! The

gladsome sound

Of husband, brother,

friend, is air

To such as know

that all must

die,

And that at last the

time must come,

When eye shall speak

no more to eye,

And Love cry—Lo,

this is my sum.

—it is her strength

I repeat, rather

than the piercing

sweetness of Mrs.

Browning or Chris-

tina Rossetti,

which would have

been the line of

advance, had she

lived. As it was,

she died, as a rose

fades and falls, and

she is a far and

fair sister in re-

membrance of that

rare and valiant

poet-soul, Emily

Brontë.

"GLIMPSES OF
BENGAL" (Macmillan;
7s. 6d. net) being pass-
ages selected from the let-
ters of Sir Rabindranath
Tagore, give us many an
entrancing picture of the environment whence
have sprung the only Eastern poets that have
mastered the English tongue as completely



A NOVELIST WHOSE WORK HAS BEEN FILMED:
MR. RAFAEL SABATINI, AUTHOR OF "THE
TAVERN KNIGHT."

Mr. Rafael Sabatini, the well-known author, was born at Jesi, Central Italy, in 1875. His novel, "The Tavern Knight," recently filmed (featuring Mr. Eille Norwood), has had many notable successors.

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.

as, say, Mr. Joseph Conrad. Here is the visible antithesis between Orient and Occident, which has been a theme of meditation ever since the East—

Let the legions thunder past,
And plunged in thought again—

expressed in prose that has the very intonation of the English-born masters of the grand style. Yet for all his fame and full achievement, I do not find in this poet and prose-writer the strength and concentration of Toru Dutt's work. He has what she had not—that fatal fluency which is the fault of most Indian workers in an alien vineyard of literature.



THE AUTHOR OF "THE WANDERING JEW," AT HIS OWN HEARTHSIDE:
MR. E. TEMPLE THURSTON.

Mr. Temple Thurston has written a new play, "The Passionate Crime," which is to be produced next autumn by Mr. Dion Boucicault, with Miss Irene Vanbrugh in the leading part. His new novel, "The Green Bough," was recently published by Messrs. Cassell. Our photograph shows him at work in his attic bedroom and study, in his fourteenth-century house in Kent.



THE AUTHOR OF "THE GREEN BOUGH": MR. E. TEMPLE THURSTON
AT THE DOOR OF HIS FOURTEENTH-CENTURY HOUSE.

who blended in herself three souls and three traditions, and died in the full bloom of her talent and on the eve of the awakening of her genius, presents in the history of literature a phenomenon without parallel." Yet the charm of personality revealed in "LIFE AND LETTERS OF TORU DUTT" (Oxford University Press; 16s. net), by Harihar Das (with a Foreword by the Rt. Hon. H. A. L. Fisher, M.P.), a memoir which is two or three decades overdue, will even more endear her to posterity than the literary achievements which gave her a European reputation when hardly out of her 'teens. We have in the letters an entrancing vision of a woman-child, pure as a mountain rill and as joyously radiant; loving and lovable, utterly unspoilt by fame, getting up very early in the morning to make friends with the horses and rejoicing when they nibbled at the roses in her belt, demanding a mosquito-net for her canaries, and still wondering which she adored the most—little English children or the old Hindu grandmother, who was the embodied tradition of an elder race. Yet was she also "the undaunted daughter of desires," wild with sorrow and indignation at the downfall of France in the war with Prussia, and exclaiming in rhetorical verse that has something of the intonation of Mrs. Browning, her favourite poetess—

Not dead—oh, no—she cannot die!

Only a swoon from loss of blood!

Levite England passes her by,

Help, Samaritan! None is nigh;

Who shall staunch me the crimson flood?—

and, again, so moved by the beauty of a true poem in any tongue, that her dark eyes shone like stars under the brow between her raven tresses, which was like the slip of a new moon in nocturnal storm-clouds. She was equally inspired by the delicate French landscapes she described with such surprising insight into their beauty, and by the scenes in Calcutta, a fine description of which is one of many such vignettes in her delightful letters to Miss Martin. Yet it is clear that all this tropical loveliness never contents her. As the retired Anglo-Indian soldier yearns for "the road to Mandalay," so she is vexed by a tender

A MUMMIFIED SIRLOIN AND ROAST GOOSE, FOR THE AFTER-WORLD.

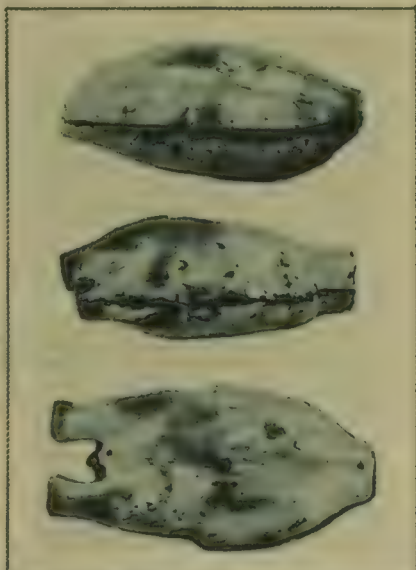
BY COURTESY OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK.



BURIED FOR 35 CENTURIES : MUMMIFIED
GEESE FOUND IN EGYPT.



CONTAINING A MUMMIFIED BABY WHOSE ARMS TOMB-ROBBERS
HAD TORN OFF : THE COFFIN OF PRINCE AMENEMHET AS FOUND.



COATED INSIDE WITH BITUMEN :
WOODEN CASES FOR MUMMIFIED GEESE.



WRAPPED IN LEAVES AND FLOWERS : THE
MUMMY OF AMENEMHET IN ITS COFFIN.



BUTCHER'S MEAT 3500 YEARS OLD : A MUMMIFIED
LEG OF BEEF FROM AN EGYPTIAN TOMB.



SHOWING AMENHOTEP I. SLAYING CAPTIVES : THE
PECTORAL TIED ON AMENEMHET'S MUMMY.

BEFORE finding the wonderful models illustrated in our issue of March 26, the American archaeologists in Egypt made other discoveries of great interest, in the cliffs of Kurneh, near Thebes. These included "funerary meats preserved by some process of mummification, and wrapped with bandages of linen as a human body was prepared for burial. They varied from a huge leg of beef to a very small pigeon or quail. Geese and ducks were numerous. . . . Wooden cases had been provided which resembled their contents in shape . . . stuccoed white outside and coated with bitumen within." The bitumen sealed the two halves at their edges. The chamber had been robbed of its coffin. Near the same spot was found

[Continued below]



WITH THE PECTORAL FASTENED TO THE BREAST :
THE WRAPPED BODY OF AMENEMHET.

Continued.]

a coffin containing the mummy of the little Prince Amenemhet, whose name was scrawled on the lid. The mummy was covered with leaves and flowers, and tied to the breast was a pectoral of thin wood vividly painted, showing Amenhotep I. (about 1570 B.C.) wielding a battle-axe and grasping two captives, an Asiatic and a Negro, by the hair—a fine example of the art of the early 18th Dynasty. It is thought that Amenemhet was an infant son of Amenhotep I. The body, that of a child about a year old, had been dismembered by ancient tomb-robbers,

who had torn off arms and head in haste to steal the ornaments, and it had evidently been re-buried. The pectoral had apparently been discarded by the robbers as worthless. This explains the difference in period between the pectoral and the coffin, which dates from about the 22nd Dynasty. There is not much doubt that the pectoral had been part of the original equipment of the burial—for it had no value in the eyes of the robbers—and that it was simply replaced when the body was buried the second time.

THE COURTSHIP OF GAME-BIRDS: DISPLAY AND RIVALRY IN THE MATING SEASON.

DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY GEORGE E. LODGE.



1. A COCK GROUSE CROWING.

2. "BECKING": A COCK GROUSE'S DISPLAY BY LEAP AND CROW.

3. SNIPES "DRUMMING": A SUDDEN NOSE-DIVE WITH TAIL OUTSPREAD, CAUSING A BLEATING SOUND.

4. A COCK PHEASANT CROWING: CLAPPING HIS WINGS WITH BODY BENT BACK.

The courtship of birds is a most interesting phase in the study of natural history. Game birds, as our drawing shows, are no exception, and the various methods of "display" by the males, and their rivalries, are very curious to watch. Taking the above drawings as numbered, the first shows the attitude of a cock grouse crowing; the second a cock grouse "becking." During the spring the cock grouse display by springing up into the air from a stone or hillock, crowing as they do so. The third drawing represents a snipe "drumming." The display of the snipe consists of flying wildly about at a good height in the air, every now and then half-closing the wings and shooting downwards for a few yards at a steep angle; while so doing the outside feather on each side of the tail is very widely spread, and the curious bleating sound that then ensues is caused

5. WHERE FINE FEATHERS BELONG TO THE MALES: A COCK PHEASANT SHOWING OFF TO A HEN PHEASANT.

6. THE RIVALS: TWO BLACKCOCKS SPARRING AT ONE ANOTHER.

7. DEALING WITH AN INTRUDER: A COCK PARTRIDGE CHASING ANOTHER COCK OUT OF THE COVEY.

by the vibration of air against these two feathers. The sound produced is exactly like a small goat bleating a long way off. The fourth drawing shows a cock pheasant immediately after crowing. A cock pheasant crows, and then, immediately afterwards, violently claps his wings, throwing his body almost backwards, with his tail spread against the ground. Pheasants clap their wings after crowing. Domestic cocks clap their wings before crowing. In the fifth drawing a cock pheasant is seen showing off before the hen, and in the sixth are two blackcocks sparring. The seventh shows a cock partridge chasing another cock out of the covey. The coveys break up long before nesting time. In mild seasons partridges begin to pair off in January, and cock partridges may be seen chasing each other about.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



"FOR BACKGROUND THE LOVELY ENGLISH LANDSCAPE":
THE BELVOIR POINT-TO-POINT MEETING ON BARROWBY HILL.



NED FRIEND (FIRST WHIP) ON ARISTOCRAT STARTING OUT
ACROSS BELVOIR PARK WITH HOUNDS ON A BRIGHT MORNING.



"THE RAW FEBRUARY SCENE": YOUNG DRAUGHT HOUNDS,
COUPLED, EXERCISING IN THE SNOW, FEBRUARY.



SHOWING THE ARCHWAY TO THE OLD BELVOIR KENNELS:
HOUNDS READY FOR EXERCISE IN THE PARK.



"THE UNMATCHABLE BEAUTY OF THE ENGLISH HORSE":
BELVOIR HUNT HORSES AT EXERCISE—DECEMBER MORNING.



"MR. MUNNINGS' SENSE OF BEAUTY IS MOST DEEPLY STIRRED
IN HIS PAINTING": THE CLIPPING HOUSE, BELVOIR.



"WHO HAS SO CAUGHT... THE QUICKENING OF THE SOUL IN THE HUNTER?" CHANGING HORSES
IN A FAST FORTY MINUTES—ONE OF MR. A. J. MUNNINGS' PICTURES OF THE BELVOIR HUNT.



"SOLDIERS, POLITICIANS, AND REVOLUTIONARIES WRECK THE WORLD OVER HIS HEAD, BUT HE [THE GIPSY]
GOES ON IN HIS VAN": THE ARRIVAL AT EPSOM DOWNS FOR DERBY WEEK.

THE BELVOIR HUNT—AND THE GIPSY AT EPSOM:

Mr. A. J. Munnings, A.R.A., has added to his high reputation as a painter of sport and the open air, by his exhibition of Pictures of the Belvoir Hunt and other scenes of English country life, at the Alpine Club Gallery, under the direction of the Chenil Galleries. Mr. John Masefield, whose "Reynard the Fox" and "Right Royal" have established him, in the sister art of poetry, as the singer of sport, contributes an appreciative foreword to the exhibition catalogue. "There is nothing more beautiful to be seen in the countryside," he writes, "than the moving of hounds and huntmen on a mild winter day. . . . And who, of all our many painters who have loved such scenes, has painted them so movingly as Mr. Munnings? Who has so caught the rhythm of the hounds going to covert, and the quickening of the soul in the hunter, and the

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MUNNINGS' PICTURES OF SPORT AND OPEN-AIR LIFE.

unmatchable beauty of the English horse? . . . Nearly all these paintings have for background the lovely, various English landscape. 'Mr. Munnings' sense of it is as fresh as a primrose. . . . I love the raw February scene of the hounds going out in the snow. Somebody ought to have put all these scenes into poems.' Of the gipsy type, represented in several of the pictures, Mr. Masefield writes: "He is in our world, but not of it; he uses it, as the cuckoo, uses the sparrow, and with much the same spirit. Soldiers, politicians, and revolutionaries wreck the world over his head, but he goes on in his van, with a bright silk round his throat and ear-rings in his ears, to tell people's fortunes and sell them a horse at a bargain. 'Others abide our question; he is free.'"

GALLERY AND THE CHENIL GALLERIES.

RECALLING POTSDAM'S OLD SPLENDOUR: THE EX-KAISERIN'S FUNERAL.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PHOTOTHEK, HAECKEL, CLICHOTHEK, AND BERLINER BILD-GERICHT.



DIPPING THEIR BANNERS TO SALUTE THE CORTÈGE: GROUPS OF STUDENTS IN PICTURESQUE COSTUME ON THE LINE OF ROUTE.



WHERE THE EX-KAISERIN WAS BURIED: THE ANTIKE TEMPEL IN THE PARK OF SANS SOUCI, AT POTSDAM, COVERED WITH NUMEROUS WREATHS.



MARSHAL MACKENSEN (IN PLUMED HELMET, CENTRE BACKGROUND) LEAVING THE TEMPEL.



THE EX-KING OF SAXONY (CENTRE): ONE OF THE MANY GERMAN ROYALTIES PRESENT.



HINDENBURG AND LUDENDORFF (ON RIGHT), FOLLOWED BY VON TIRPITZ.



COVERED WITH A PURPLE PALL BEARING THE HOHENZOLLERN ARMS: THE COFFIN OF THE DEAD EMPRESS, SURROUNDED BY GENERALS.



SONS AND DAUGHTER-IN-LAW: (L. TO R.) THE CROWN PRINCESS, PRINCES EITEL FRIEDRICH, AUGUST WILHELM, ADALBERT, AND OSCAR.

Potsdam was thronged by huge crowds and wore something of its former Imperial splendour when the funeral of the ex-Kaiserin took place there on April 19. The coffin, which had rested overnight in a railway carriage at Wildpark Station, was borne in procession to its resting-place in the Antike Tempel in the park of Sans Souci. Immediately behind the hearse was carried a wreath of Maréchal Niel roses sent by the ex-Kaiser and the Crown Prince. Then walked members of the family: first, Prince Eitel Friedrich with the

Crown Princess, and after them Princes Oscar, Adalbert, and August Wilhelm. Other Royalties followed, including the ex-King of Saxony and Prince Henry of Prussia. Next came the most distinguished servants of the old régime, headed by Field-Marshal von Hindenburg, General Ludendorff, and Grand Admiral von Tirpitz (seen in the right-hand photograph of the middle row, Hindenburg with bâton in hand). Among the officers following them were Marshal Mackensen, and Generals von Kluck and von Gallwitz.

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OUR FRIENDS IN FRANCE.

A LETTER FROM AN ENGLISHWOMAN IN PARIS.

Paris.

THE First of May is close upon us, and the German Day of Judgment is at hand. It is a critical day, too, for M. Briand and his Government, who have staked their all upon making the Boche pay, either by agreement or by much more violent methods. What will those methods be? A further occupation of German territory might be a very expensive method of enforcing payment. But what if the German says to M. Briand, "By all means send your troops into our country and keep order for us. We should approve of that very much, but it will not make us a penny the richer or more able to meet your demands." What is the next move if military occupation fails? M. Briand would fall; probably M. Poincaré would succeed him, and the Senate would rejoice. But what would M. Poincaré do? Clever critical articles in French reviews are all very well in their way; but a great deal more will be expected from the man who has clearly indicated that, if he had his way, all would be well.

Topics of this kind are uppermost in French political salons—which, contrary to the general idea in England, are far from being extinct or without influence to-day. True, they are no longer held in the palaces of the great, where powdered footmen and majestic *maîtres d'hôtel* once ushered the bearers of ancient and honourable names into the presence of some *grande dame de France*, and where, from time to time, Ministers were unmade and the fall of Governments was encompassed. To-day the scenes of these reunions are laid in less sumptuous surroundings, but their effect upon the political situation and the fate of Ministries is by no means negligible. The foreigner, who is occasionally admitted into these circles as a guest, has the advantage of seeing his country through the eyes of others, and of hearing points of view which can rarely find their expression in official despatches.

One does not always hear the pleasant things that are written in the Press about ourselves. For instance, there are not a few who say that they are "very sorry" for our labour troubles, but they add that we must expect them if we trade with Lenin and make our beds with Bolsheviks. Others, again, do not disguise their satisfaction at the recent reverses to the Greek Army, for the restoration of King Constantine was by no means popular in France, and, rightly or wrongly, Great Britain was held mainly responsible for it. Another group is found condemning us for the failure of ex-King Karl to recover the

throne of Hungary—they look upon him as one of the powerful instruments in the band that completed the downfall of Germany; and a fourth party declares that nothing but a military understanding with Kemal Pasha will ever solve our difficulties in Turkey and Asia Minor. It is always a matter of speculation as to how much this sort of talk tends to disintegrate the *Union Sacrée* between France and England, the foundations of which were certainly disturbed when the Treaty of Versailles forbade our neighbours to annex the left bank of the Rhine, and



A DUCAL WEDDING, WITH ROYAL GUESTS: THE EARL OF DALKEITH AND HIS BRIDE (MISS MOLLIE LASCELLES) LEAVING ST. MARGARET'S, WESTMINSTER.

The marriage of the Earl of Dalkeith, eldest son of the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, and Miss Mollie Lascelles, daughter of the late Major W. F. Lascelles and Lady Sybil Lascelles, took place at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on April 21. The guests included the Prince of Wales, Princess Christian, Princess Helena Victoria, the Duke of York, and Prince Henry.

Photograph by Keystone View Co.

when, subsequently, the action of the United States prevented the ratification of the tripartite treaty whereby America and Great Britain were to assist France in the event of unprovoked aggression. Of course, it is devoutly to be hoped that none of these

seeds of discontent will bear fruit; but only an ostrich-like nation would bury its head and pretend not to see them.

Living in Paris, one cannot but be impressed by the many interests that occupy the intellect of the average Frenchman or woman. Whereas in England questions of foreign affairs are rarely subjects of popular discussion, in France they are matter of everyday conversation. Everyone is a politician—"a little Liberal or else a little Conservative"—not by tradition, but by instinct, and with a passion for controversy which we islanders do not share. So with Art. Now that the summer is upon us, and important picture exhibitions will follow one another with bewildering rapidity, there will be animated conversations in every café from Montmartre to the Luxembourg on the comparative merits of the various artists. New books, too, are eagerly canvassed; and every play in Paris provides at one time or another the theme for intelligent debate.

This year the pilgrimage to Paris is quite stupendous in its proportions; the city is already full. Furnished apartments or unfurnished flats are not to be had for love or money; hotels are crowded. If any reader of this letter thinks of visiting Paris in May or June, there should be no delay in writing for rooms, and even to bespeak a motor-car, if it should be required.

As an appetiser before meals, a glass of Corelli, one of the best brands of Italian Vermouth, is a favourite drink with those who are particular about their wine and make a point of getting the best. Corelli is a delightful old wine, mellow and pleasant to the taste. It is appreciated by the connoisseur, whether he be a home diner or an *habitué* of the more exclusive type of restaurant. A gin-and-Corelli is also a popular combination. Anyone unable to obtain it at hotels or stores should write to Messrs Edward Young, 62-3, Mark Lane, London, E.C., and Seel Street Distillery, Liverpool, for the name of their nearest agent.

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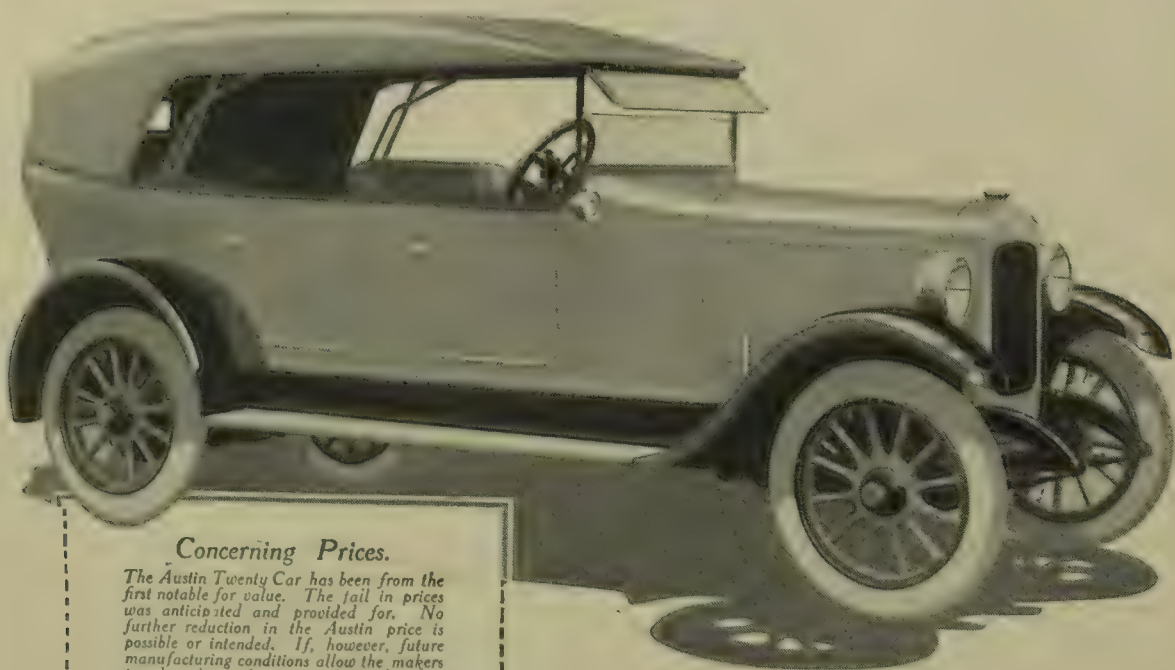
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Glasgow Royal Infirmary. Cathedral Square View.

GREAT HOSPITALS.

(No. 7)

Glasgow Royal Infirmary was founded in 1791 upon its present site amid historic surroundings. It was recently reconstructed, and has now accommodation for close on 700 patients. At Bearsden, Dumbartonshire, a Convalescent Home, containing 86 beds, is maintained for the Infirmary patients. Owing to the abnormal increase in the cost of maintenance, the Hospital requires additional income of £35,000 per annum. Beds in the Infirmary may be endowed in perpetuity for a donation of £1,250 or upwards. Hon. Treasurer: Timothy Warren, Esq., Writer, 45 West George Street, Glasgow.

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LADIES' NEWS.

THERE is a *piano, piano* atmosphere just now about everything; we are all going softly and hoping for better things. None of us ever realised before that the rule of coal is so absolute. We women know it in its intimate relations to our domestic concerns, and as we have had it for the most part when we wanted it, the present shortage hits us all hard. I went to see some people in a very large house, with a correspondingly large income, and found that the only fire in the house was in the library, and it was one of moderate dimensions. They dined in an oilstove-heated dining-room, and the hostess remarked that she supposed the only people who had as much fire as they wanted were the miners. There is no class war about this industrial struggle so far as the well-off people I have talked to about it are concerned. They want the miners to have fair play, but their present seat, between two stools, is far from comfortable, and they are in no way responsible. Let us hope that when this is printed there will only be recovery from a hard blow for us all to think about.

The dates of the Courts are fixed for May 4, 23, and 24. This is giving the dressmakers and florists a little cheer, and the truth is they needed it badly, for every woman was hanging back from ordering, especially evening gowns. The promise of the Courts, from a dress point of view, is excellent. Gowns will be lovely, soft, rich, of superb colours, and embellished with embroideries, or of brocades so beautiful that to trim them would savour of that supererogatory task known as painting the lily. They will not be the brocades or the silks or satins dear to two great Queens of England, whose chief excellence was said to be that they would stand alone. These are rather of the character of cashmere and vicuna, that early Victorians eulogised because shawls of them might be drawn through a wedding ring. Courts are, of course, occasions for imposing displays of jewels. Most of our great ladies can be depended upon to make them, and to do so in the most refined as well as becoming manner. Flowers are a matter of choice; no one is required to carry a bouquet. The absence of train and plumes makes the bouquet the sole mark of the official and ceremonial character of the Court. It is therefore seldom omitted from the ensemble. A fan, however handsome, in no way takes its place, for a fan is for use, and no one would use it in passing the King and Queen for Presentation.

Flowers are the real compliment to their Majesties—the most harmonious and beautiful complement to a well-thought-out costume.

Dances have been in some instances postponed, to the great indignation of young people, who declare them the most easy and pleasant way of keeping



A FROCK FOR A DÉBUTANTE.

She sits near the lamp as she realises full well that even the most brilliant light could show no flaws in her youthful fairness and in the perfection of her pale-blue taffetas dress.—[Photograph by Reullinger.]

warm. They want no artificial heating, they say; and as to supper, well, people must eat, and cold suppers will do for them. It does not occur to their rapidly working minds that cold food must once have been hot! A good deal of dancing has, however, been going on, but rather on the simple lines that obtained during the war. Even the weddings of last

week were quiet, and those most closely concerned were most anxious that they should be so. A lady who was *in loco matris* to one bride said, "I do not like to think of women shivering with cold, and poor and hungry, reading of a gay, smart wedding, lists of presents and smart dresses." This same lady, in all her life, has been a generous friend to poor and helpless, and is no less a one now. Weddings had been arranged and had to take place, but did so under the influence of King Coal in no merry mood.

The time is at hand when our gardens, tiny or great, and our verandahs become our sitting-rooms and our work-rooms. England has year by year in the last decade become more and more an outdoor loving and living nation. Furniture for the garden and verandah is therefore as important to us as that for our rooms. On one of the sunny and warm days which are sandwiched even in a cold spell, I found a family sitting out sunning themselves and declaring that for an hour or two they could afford to forget the coal strike. What struck me was the comfort, strength, and reliability of their chairs. They were all Dryad, from the Dryad works at Leicester, and had, they told me, been several years in use, while they looked quite new. Often have I been inducted into a garden chair of whose capabilities I have had such doubts that I hardly dared to breathe. In the delightfully spacious depths of a Dryad easy chair I could comfortably forget that I had a body. Being built on wood foundations and covered with cane that does not split and tear clothes, they are substantial, resilient, reliable and most comfortable.

The Prince of Wales attended the wedding of the Earl of Dalkeith to Miss Mollie Lascelles. Lord Dalkeith was a brother-officer of the Prince in the war, and had for a time been in H.R.H.'s Household as an extra Equerry. Miss Lascelles was married from the house of her cousin, Lord Richard Cavendish.

A. E. L.

Pleasure cruises to Norway by large ocean steamers are to be revived this summer. The Orient Steam Navigation Company, the pioneers of these trips, are sending their new steamer *Ormuz* to make six cruises, each of thirteen days, beginning in June. It is only on the larger steamers that the comforts and conveniences of a first-class hotel can be attained; and in this respect the *Ormuz*, being of 14,167 tons register, fulfils the requirement. The first cruise starts from London, but for the remaining cruises Immingham (Grimsby) will be the port of departure and return. The Orient Company publish an illustrated programme giving full particulars.



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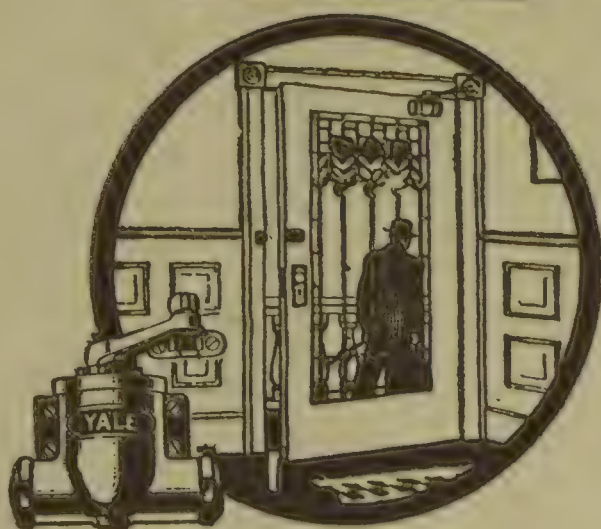
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SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

THE GOLDEN EAGLE WITH THE BABY.

OLD prejudices and old beliefs die hard. Those of us who imagined that we really had heard the last of the ferocious golden eagle which swooped down and bore off a slumbering infant to serve as a meal for its hungry offspring have had a rude awakening. For some of the newspapers have just roused this tired and worn-out story into action again, and I have had one or two queries addressed to me on the subject. We may confidently assert that not only are such stories "non-proven," but that they are incredible.

No golden eagle is strong enough to bear off such a prize, being quite unable to lift so great a weight. The female golden eagle, which is somewhat bigger than the male, does not; it is to be remarked, exceed a weight of twelve pounds. A two-year-old infant may weigh anything from 26 lb. to 30 lb. Now, we have no evidence that any bird can lift and carry off in mid-air a body from two to three times its own weight. Even a six-months-old child is safe.

The food of the golden eagle consists of grouse, hares and rabbits, and occasionally the fawns of roe deer. But it also displays the patrician's taste for meat that has been well "hung." As a rule, this trait is described as feeding on "carion," which sounds disrespectful to so fine a bird. It is this weakness, unfortunately, which often leads to his undoing, for the shepherd and the gamekeeper between them, having no love for this bird, contrive to bring about his destruction by laying out poisoned meat for him. But for the owners of deer-forests in Scotland, the golden eagle would have ceased to exist as a British bird. Long ago he was dispossessed of his other stronghold in the mountains of Ireland.

Though majestic on the wing, the golden eagle is no match, in point of speed, for the peregrine. Mallard know this well. When a flock of these birds, disporting themselves on the water, descry the eagle they at once take to flight, well knowing that they cannot be overtaken. But the moment a peregrine is sighted, all dive, conscious that, while they cannot evade his terrific rush and lunge of his talons in mid-air, by diving and splashing they have little to fear.

Though the golden eagle usually hunts alone, there are many cases on record where two birds have been seen hunting together, a hare being usually the prey.

When the victim was started one bird would follow as near the ground as possible, while the other remained poised in the air or waited till a chance for the final swoop presented itself. According to some of the older writers, even horses and deer were attacked by similar concerted action and buffeted with the wings till they were driven over a precipice. There is probably, however, no more truth in such stories than in those of kidnapping infants.

To the south-eastern portion of England the golden eagle has probably never been more than a straggler—at any rate, within historic times. Though



COVERED WITH CORK AND AN OUTER SKIN OF CANE BASKETWORK: A NEW "UNSINKABLE" SHIP'S LIFEBOAT DESIGNED BY A DUTCHMAN.

Our photograph shows a new type of ship's lifeboat invented by Mr. De Vos, of Rotterdam. It has a covering of cork, over which is an outer skin of cane fenders. The inventor claims that it cannot be sunk or overturned when lowered into rough water, and that it can carry fuller loads with greater safety.—[Photograph by Topical.]

every year we may read in the newspapers of a golden eagle being shot by some sportsman or gamekeeper, such birds almost invariably prove, on examination, to be immature specimens of the white-tailed eagle.

There is still much in regard to the life-history of this magnificent bird of which nothing whatever is known. But perhaps the finest account of its behaviour, from the time of the hatching of the eggs till the eaglets take their first flight, is that written by Mr. H. A. Macpherson on "The Home Life of the Golden Eagle" a few years ago. He fulfilled supremely well the arduous task he set himself, and I commend his book to my readers. W. P. PYCRAFT.

"FAUST ON TOAST." AT THE GAIETY.

WITH the tiresome excrescences cut out, "Faust on Toast" is now a bright and enjoyable entertainment. Mr. George Grossmith's difficulty, of course, in reviving burlesque is the lack to-day of burlesque artists and librettists. It is easy enough to bring back the rhymed couplet and to set a band of comedians making fun out of a travesty of the Faust story, with Marguerite turned "queen of the movies"; but genuine Gaiety burlesque hit out all round with its satire, whereas the new sort seems content with chaffing one thing only—the cinema stage—and hardly attempts the topical song or the political skit, while of the players engaged only one, to a triumphant extent, shows the burlesque temperament. This is Miss Maisie Gay, whose Martha is full of gusto and rollicking humour. Her song, "I Want a Man to Hold Me," is, apart from the prize-fight skit, in which Miss Heather Thatcher as Valentine shows so amusing a swagger, the gem among the turns. Next to Miss Gay, Mr. Hale scores most heavily, though at present his Mephistopheles is more on musical-comedy than burlesque lines. It is probably not Mr. Jack Buchanan's fault that he looks too dandified a Faust, but his dancing is always delightful, and in his quiet way he is as spontaneous a humorist as was Mr. Seymour Hicks in his young days. The petite Marguerite of Miss Renée Mayer is rather too child-like for burlesque, but she sings and moves daintily enough; and if we get rather too many sentimental ditties from Miss Nancie Lovat's Siebel, we have to admit that the Marion Hood ballad was always a feature at the old Gaiety.

To promote the "adoption" of war-wrecked French towns and villages by British boroughs and districts, admirable work is being done by the City and County of London Committee of the British League of Help; 346, Strand, W.C.2. In connection with this movement, the Mayor of Kensington, Alderman Dr. A. J. Rice-Oxley, C.B.E., J.P., gave an interesting lecture (illustrated by lantern slides) at Kensington Town Hall on April 25, regarding the adoption by the Royal Borough of the village of Souchez. Among those present were General the Vicomte de la Panouse, Major-General Sir Frederick Maurice, Lord Phillimore, and the Bishop of Kensington.



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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

The Issue of
Registration
Books.

When the Ministry of Transport forced the Roads Act, with all its vexatious restrictions, through Parliament, a great point was made of the safeguard against theft that would be provided by the registration book, which was in effect to be a species of title-deed to the car. I agree that this document ought to assist in the undoing of the motor thief, because no careful person would buy a second-hand car the owner of which was not in possession of the current license and the registration book, unless he knew the vendor well and was quite satisfied of his bona-fides. But if this much-talked-of safeguard is to be effective, it follows as a matter of course that the registration book must be duly issued by the licensing authority. Having regard to the indecent haste with which the new legislation was forced through, it is not surprising that a little delay should have taken place in the issue of the necessary documents. The local authorities had no machinery in existence for dealing with the increased work entailed by the new system of taxation, and, with a few notable exceptions—such as the L.C.C.—they do not seem to have troubled themselves in the matter. So long as they were able to collect the motorists' money, that was all they cared about. The issue of the documents could take care of itself.

It is nothing short of scandalous that registration

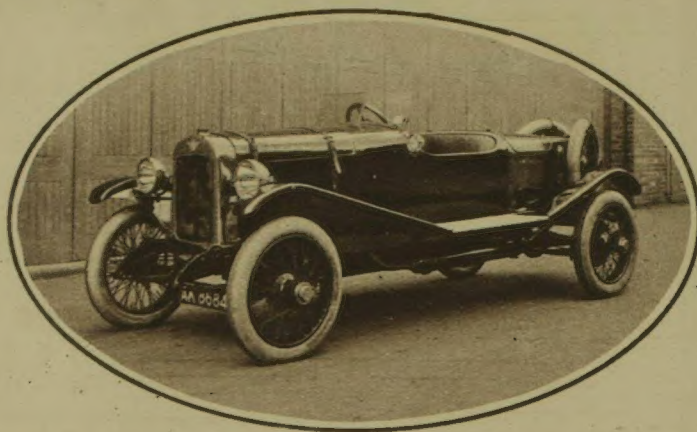
books in respect of cars which were licensed and upon which the tax was paid in January last have not been issued yet. I understand that some of the County Councils are thousands in arrear still, and there seems little probability of those arrears being overtaken for some time to come. I can well believe this, inasmuch as I have not received the book relating to my own car, on which the tax was paid to the Surrey County Council before the end of January. It took that authority nearly two months to issue the license, so how long it will be before the registration books are ready I should not like to hazard a guess. The worst of this official slackness is that it actually prevents the car-owner from effecting the sale of his car, unless he and the prospective buyer are inclined to go to considerable trouble to verify ownership.

Car Theft
Still Rife.

While it is true that car-stealing is not quite so common as it was, the thief still manages to get away with a certain number of vehicles, and, apparently, to dispose of them to his own satisfaction. It is stated that most of the cars that are stolen are sent across the Channel for disposal, and find a ready market on the Continent—at a price. Surely it ought to be easy enough for the Customs authorities to check this illicit traffic. There are certain formalities which have to be gone through by every motorist who takes his car abroad, and one would think the Customs people should as a matter of course demand production of the registration book before issuing the necessary papers. That would stop the egress of stolen cars which are ostensibly accompanying their owners on a Continental tour, though here arises the difficulty of so many bona-fide owners not having obtained the book from the licensing authority which has taken the money for the tax.

There is more difficulty, perhaps, in the case of second-hand cars which are exported in the ordinary way of trade. Even so, it should be possible for the authorities to insist upon proper proof of ownership before allowing

them to be shipped. As a matter of fact, unless a car is so old that there is practically no market for it and it is thus not worth stealing, it is practically certain that it has been in use during the present year. If it has, then it must obviously have



WINNER OF THE 75-M.P.H. SHORT HANDICAP AT THE LAST BROOKLANDS MEETING: MR. FELIX SCRIVEN'S AUSTIN "TWENTY" SPORTS MODEL.

been licensed, and the documents of the case must be in existence somewhere, and the Customs authorities ought to insist on their production at least until this traffic is stopped.

A Scottish Trial
Next Year.

It is officially announced that the Society of Motor Manufacturers has approved the idea of holding a trial next year, open to all classes of cars, and that it will be held under the joint auspices of the R.A.C. and the Royal Scottish A.C. I still think it is a great pity that a trial for light cars at least could not be held this year. It would have done endless good to the section of the industry most concerned, because it would have shown the public how enormously this class of motor vehicle has progressed in design and reliability since 1914.

W. W.

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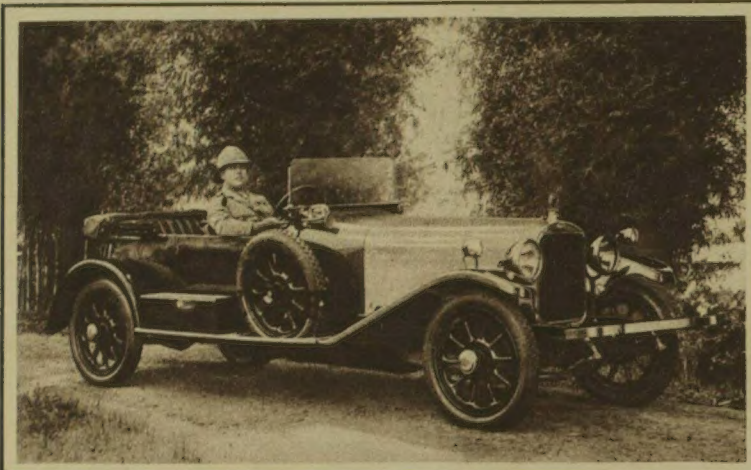
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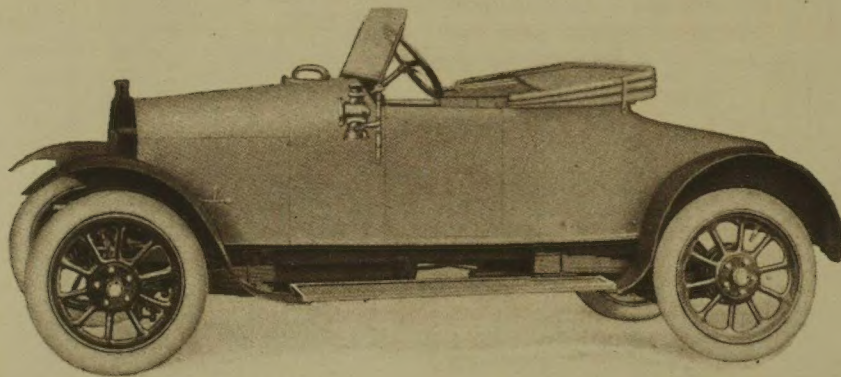
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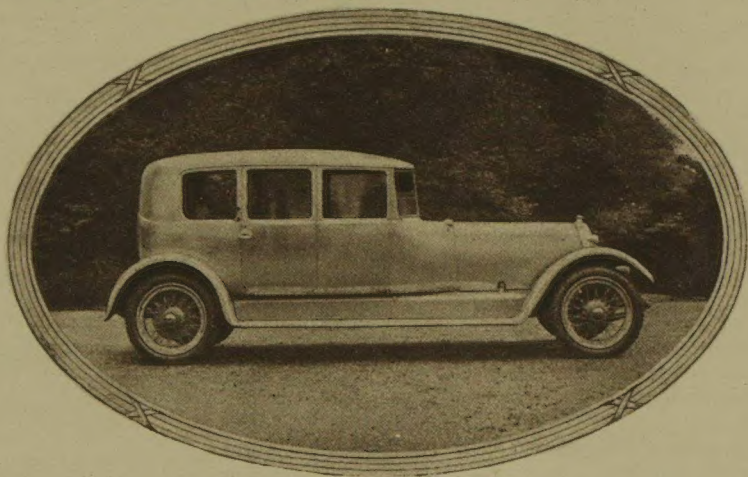
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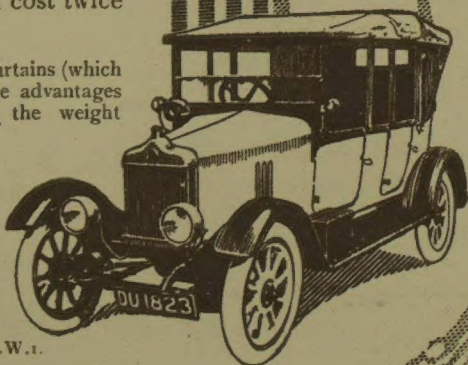
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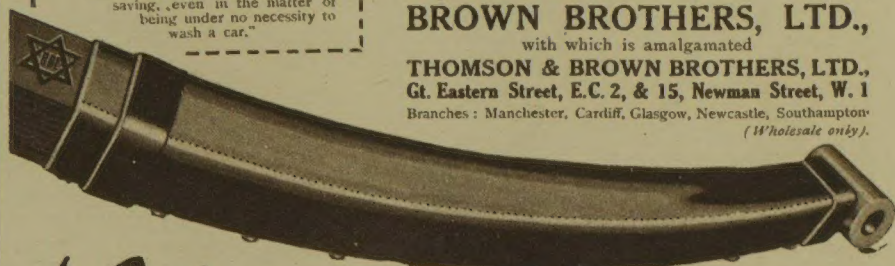
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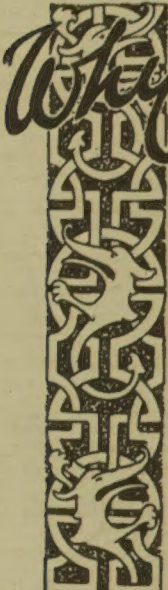
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